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***ANNA SHATTUCK PALMER***

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# ILLINOIS VERSE

BY

ANNA SHATTUCK PALMER



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ILLINI PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHAMPAIGN, ILLINOIS

TO  
THE MEMORY OF  
**MY HUSBAND**  
A LOYAL ILLINUS



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## PREFACE

This collection of verse relating to the University of Illinois is an attempt to gather into poetical form some of the Illini traditions; to preserve old university landmarks, and to give the atmosphere of the campus of the present day.

It is hoped that this little book will have an appeal not only for the alumni and students but, also, for the many friends throughout the state who have helped make the University of Illinois the great institution that it is today.

Thanks are due Mr. Carl Stephens of *The Alumni News* and Mr. Richard Atwater of *The Chicago Evening Post* for their kind permission to reprint some of these poems. I wish, also, to express my gratitude and indebtedness to Mr. Francis E. Johnston for his helpful criticism.

ANNA SHATTUCK PALMER

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## ILLINOIS SALUTE

Illinois! Illinois!

At your very sound with a love profound  
We, Illini true, salute where honor's due.  
Devoted sons and daughters of the orange and blue,  
We pledge forever our allegiance firm to you.

Illinois! Illinois!

Of the flowery plains but little trace remains;  
From the prairie soil with long, determined toil  
There grew the campus green, the spacious college  
    halls,  
Your soaring collonades and massive stadium walls.

Illinois! Illinois!

Pride of wondrous state! Fine men have made you  
    great  
Once a valiant band,—now over all the land  
Illini true salute. In loyalty we stand  
United in dear Alma Mater's proud command.

## BURRILL AVENUE

Flows all the campus life down Burrill Avenue  
    Beneath the mighty arch of branching elms  
The Grand Old Man had placed so true,  
    With wise attentive care for tender life  
Whose growing needs he so well knew.

Brave old Uni Hall, like some great sentinel rock  
    That stems mid-stream the onward buoyant tide,  
Stands firm and calmly meets the shock  
    Of years. — Ah, at the sight of your weathered  
    height  
What doors of memory unlock!

When loudly sound the chimes to tell the passing  
    hour,  
    The gay-capped boys, co-eds and thoughtful  
    profs,  
From out the halls and every tower,—  
    Mosaics bright soon form on the broad, grey  
    path  
That weave and change as with magic power.



---

In the twilight of the early spring come campus sings,  
And the luring melody of Varsity Band  
Both old and young to the fresh lawn brings;  
While strolling couples fill the avenue,  
And along its green vault music wings.

In balmy days of May the caps and gowns appear,  
Which lend the walk scholastic dignity.  
Then comes to a close the college year,  
And that last long line moves down your  
shadowed length,  
O, Burrill Avenue so dear.

## THE COLLEGE CHIMES

Across the campus, how many times  
I've heard the music of the chimes!  
    The voice of that old grey tower that sings  
    Ever through my memory rings.

For football games it shouts aloud;  
In victory chants its paeans proud  
    Demurely, it raises each Sabbath morn  
    Its hymns, on prairie breezes borne.

The warning of its shaking bells  
The fleeting passage of time foretells,  
    And students passing from college halls  
    Give anxious heed to its constant calls.

Those clarion tones that sound so bold  
Each new class greet, ring out the old;  
    And returning, they of many climes  
    Receive their welcome from the chimes.

## THE AUDITORIUM STEPS

Up and down the Auditorium steps  
    What heights, what depths  
Of human joy and hope and passing sorrow.  
Each fall, so eagerly the freshman climbs  
    Not knowing the times  
He'll tread that path till baccalaureate.

On Sundays, at five, the organ's deep, rich voice  
    Draws all by choice  
Up the broad stairs to vespers musical.  
Both town and gown on famous Star Course nights,  
    Mid blazing lights,  
On the steps in anticipation gayly crowd.

The campus sings and twilight concerts in spring  
    Great crowds soon bring.  
Then Sachem's gorgeous warriors throng the steps  
And at the close of the year the frats' song fest,  
    Each striving its best,  
Fills them high with white-sleeved boys.

Soon on your heights a noble group will arise  
That time defies,  
Wrought by Illinois' son, Lorado Taft.  
A fitting place for Alma Mater to be  
Where all may see,—  
Enthroned upon the Auditorium steps.

## WITHIN THE AUDITORIUM

In the foyer sways the human mass  
Thru the doors into the great rotunda.  
Up the winding stairs the people pass,  
To the balcony seats ascending.  
East of the central doors a portrait we see,  
President James in gown and crimson hood.  
West, a beautiful bronze of memory,—  
Ruth among the alien sheaves, low bending.

Crescent shaped the rows of seats extend  
Within. Above, the great dome sparkles with lights  
On the stage green folds of velvet lend  
Drooping softness to the long, harsh lines.  
Dominating the space above, Ulysses  
Watches Penelope's maidens spin. The title,  
"Everybody Works But Father," his ease  
Has won from the gay, irreverent students.

On that stage have spoken men who led.  
Prima donnas have sung and orchestras played.  
Final rites for our celebrated dead  
Here were performed. Athletic meetings held,  
Student carnivals each year without fail;  
Concerts by the Band and Choral Society.  
While above Ulysses with the years grows pale,  
—Painted by Millet, lost with the Titanic at sea.

Gathering place for enlightened college life,  
How many different groups your walls enfold  
In the college year. Within that broad expanse  
All-University services they monthly hold;  
Sunday vesper concerts with organ music,  
Sweeping arches and dome, the students lure,—  
Beauty seeking. Fine old Auditorium,  
Temple of knowledge, pleasure, peace and culture.

## ONCE UPON A TIME

Once upon a time, dear father of mine,  
You opened that wonder-book of sphere and line  
To us. So much of that lore is gone, alas!  
But deeper truths that last you taught your class:—  
To solve the long hard problems that life brings  
And striving, reach the plane of higher things.

“Not necessarily,”—Those words drift across  
Time’s space to me, and thro’ the sense of loss  
How sweet the memory that brings once more  
Each little treasured phrase! Thus on death’s shore  
We light from out the past the broken spars  
And with their sparks we see above the stars.

A gallant soldier in your country’s need,  
The training to obey and yet to lead  
Gave to your mien a fine integrity,  
A dignity,—a privilege to see.  
O, blest are we who’ve known in this world’s strife  
The quiet inspiration of your life.

## PASSING OF THE BONE-YARD

## Historic stream!

Mysterious bones in the distant past were found  
Upon its banks. Then came the surmise sound  
That drinking Indians, thirstily bending low,  
Perished here by hidden enemy's bow.

## Romantic stream!

Along its banks the early violets grew;  
Across the rippling waters soft winds blew.  
And here would linger when the moon was bright  
Amorous couples far into the night.

## Quiet little stream!

Demure and calm; now showing scarce a trace  
Of its turbulent youth when it would race along its  
Path, and students then would bear  
Across to class belated co-eds fair.

## Passing stream!

Tradition fading from the college life,  
Tho Skull and Crescent still conducts its strife  
Each spring across the stream in East Side Park  
And occasional frosh are ducked here for a lark.



Ancient stream!

Your course on the campus now is almost run.  
No more can you join in youth's hilarious fun.  
For many strenuous years you gave your best—  
Meander slowly along; you've earned your rest.

## THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Silvery hair and shrewd face, whimsical smile  
Crowning a slight and straightly boyish form,  
Kindly eyes forever seeking the best  
Yet seeing much of selfish human guile;  
Pilot true in many a violent storm  
Met in restless youth's unending quest.

Strenuous efforts made to save the farm  
Early test the growing boy and train  
Courage for future tasks,—bravely borne alone,  
Cheerful words and rarely tactful charm,  
Soothing the invalid mother's constant pain,  
Thousands of sick and troubled since have known.

Teacher,—stimulating, earnest and fair;  
Leader, counselor valued;—rapid his rise.  
Writer of *The Eight O'clock* that's open  
Now for all the world its wit to share.  
Steadfast ever, individual and wise;  
Dean of deans and friendly maker of man.

## THE OLD CLOCK

Product of those early students' skill,  
The venerable clock serenely looks down still  
Upon the changing classes of every race  
Who rush by with a hurried glance at her face.

Her noisy rival in the library near  
May shake those chimes on the breeze,—She has no  
fear.

The campus has looked up for fifty years  
To her,—the monitor of youths and seers.

First class memorial! Uplifted, high!  
The careless crowds can never pass you by.  
The class of seventy-eight will mark the hours  
As long as Uni Hall upholds her towers.

## THE ROCK GARDEN — SPRING

Spring enchanted spot!  
At the end of a long gray trail  
Across level land,—wearily monotonous,  
A sudden dip! Down rough stone steps  
To a winding path that cleaves  
The lovely scattering color of tiny iris,  
Crocuses, the bright blue of scilla,  
And thick masses of Icelandic blossom  
—White, pink and pale purple.  
Brave bits of color life!  
How did you slip thru the hard, cold  
Grasp of that black, clutching earth?

## THE ROCK GARDEN — SUMMER

Out of the blaze of the sun into a flood of color.  
Waves of red, purple and yellow break  
On either side in which your vision swims  
Delightedly!  
Gorgeous pinnacles of bright pink and pure white  
    flox  
Rise from banks of green,  
And the gaze clings lingeringly to their lovely refuge.

Canterbury bells chime your beauty on the vibrant air  
Across that white pool of rippling daisies.  
Lilies, sway and dip your sweetness  
In the many hued stream.  
You defiant tiger-blossoms on the rocky ledge,  
How fiercely you stare up into the sun,  
Sucking its heat.  
The golden glow of coreopsis sheds its beams  
Upon all the palpitating, merging tones and shades  
    While beside a tiny rill,  
    Delicate and cool,  
    Forgetmenots spill  
    Their baby blue.

## HOMECOMING

Great fall festival of the Illini tribe  
When gather loyal sons from far and wide.  
Glorious orange floating on the breeze  
Matches the mellow foliage of the trees  
While mingling with it blends the navy-blue  
Deepest color of the sky's own hue.

Stunt shows bright and celebrations gay  
Make a carnival of night and day.  
Mask and Bauble stages comedies,—fine  
For those who ask the best in the drama's line.  
The Senior Hobo Band parades the place;  
Music and dancing add their fleeting grace.

Stadium supreme! Great scene of the strife  
Huge magnet of the active campus life  
That draws within its mammoth walls the crowd  
Chanting "Loyalty" both deep and loud,  
Only here can gather all; from here depart,  
—The ardent pride of each homcomer's heart.

## AND HE IS OURS

Father of athletics, strong and quiet and wise  
Master of baseball; there his greatest skill still lies  
Leader of sports, and force in the ten great powers  
    "There is but one Huff,"—And he is ours.

Once the east claimed him, but only for a brief space  
Back to the middlewest that bred him he turned his  
    face.

Illinois welcome gave with gifts and flowers  
    "There is but one Huff,"—And he is ours.

Coach and trainer of coaches, ever true, on the square  
What attentive care always for his boys' welfare  
How above all his dauntless figure towers  
    "There is but one Huff,"—And he is ours.

\* \* \* \*

Stadium triumphant!

Mighty dream come true!

Worthy vision long ago Huff held of you.  
Soaring shafts of memory,—high above the game,  
"G" unseen there mingles with each hallowed name,  
Symbol of silent service that our thought embowers.  
    "There is but one Huff,"—And he is ours.

## SENIOR HOBO PARADE

Shrill and loud above the beating of the drums,  
Syncopated,—jazz music urges the heterogeneous  
rabble

Down Burrill Avenue and back to the Auditorium  
Tattered and torn,  
Blackened and painted,  
On they come to make a ludicrous spectacle  
For the Homecoming masses.

Dignified seniors have shed academic pride  
With their customary conventional clothes.  
Weary Willies and Dusty Rhoades mix  
With strenuous Wild Bills and competing clowns  
Jaywalkers and awkward hay-seeds;—All stirred  
into one

Highly colored,  
Shifting throng.

Swerving and tumbling about with savage glee  
Or infantile joy, they play their various pranks  
To win the plaudits of the laughing crowds.



Final high carnival,  
Last dashing gesture  
To end the careless gaiety of their college days,  
And enter upon the dignity of the senior year.

## STUART PRATT SHERMAN

June, 1924

“Another good man gone East!” No more to see  
Him on our street,—tall, strong and slightly bent,  
His solemn face light up so suddenly  
In salutation,—hear the jest that’s sent  
By his satiric wit,—is loss indeed.  
Yet flashing memories stay; A book-lined room,  
A paradise for those who love to read,  
Where gathered friends who sought some mental  
    boon,  
A littered desk, a fireplace deep and wide  
And dominating all, the master mind,  
The gallant, militant spirit that defied  
All shallow pretense, struck and yet was kind  
    Neighbor, poet, critic—American;  
    A simple, true and rarely gifted man.

## THE SENIOR BENCH

Stately grey bench, what calmness, strength!  
Forbidding in aspect just at first  
When as freshmen we so often thirst  
To spread ourselves on your cool, smooth length.

But soon comes respite from our alarms  
For with the years that quickly go  
More courtesy and warmth you show  
Till seniors you welcome with open arms.

Proudly each May when days are fair  
A plaque of highest honor you hold,  
Girls' names in gleaming letters of gold  
Which Mortar Board entrusts to your care.

That century mark proclaims your age  
When great events have come to pass  
Long may you give to every class  
Yourself in service,—true and sage.

## BALLADE OF THE MAY-POLE DANCE

The loveliest sight of the college year,—

The dance that comes in the month of May  
When all the pretty co-eds appear

Upon the green in dresses gay.

As the sun is casting its last bright ray  
The ribbons from the pole they slip,

And with a whirl and a long sash-ay  
To Spring's blithe song they lightly trip.

They twist around till comes the fear

The pole cannot be wrapped that way;—  
A burst of music; a deafening cheer!

And not a flutter to betray

That hands had touched it other than fay.  
The bright-hued figures flash and dip

And back to their places with rythmic sway  
To Spring's blithe song they lightly trip.

The queen enthroned with attendants near,  
The crowning event of the festive day,  
The Morris dancers with horse so queer  
Prance and turn. Then shepherd-hay  
And the jesters skip and have their say.  
Now clouds and flowers dance a bit  
And as their lord, the Sun, obey  
To Spring's blithe song they lightly trip.

## L'ENVOI

O Alma Mater, this happy lay  
Accept we pray, if it seems fit.  
Smile on your children in their play;  
To Spring's blithe song they lightly trip.

## THE CIRCUS—INTERSCHOLASTIC

Throng the many curious, pleasure loving thousands  
To where the huge stadium casts its jewels of light  
Upon the black screen of night.

From the high schools scattered thruout the state  
Come these young people in the month of May  
To compete in sports and join the hospitable  
Illinois students

In rollicking fun, ending in the great circus  
Staged for their benefit.

Bursts of music, cheers and laughter!

Here comes the parade led by the band playing  
"Barnum and Bailey's Favorite,"

In full regalia,—orange pom-pons, belts and  
dress cords.

Into the rings sweep huge, grotesque, shambling  
shapes,

Comical clowns, dashing riders, marvelous acrobats;  
A motley fleet of gun-boats and bright-hued motor  
cars,

Coasting and careening in and out.  
Bewildering array!

Now begins the performance and the fraternities put  
on their stunts,  
Ever with the idea of adding to that silver row above  
the fireplace  
Yet another cup. Many and clever the take-offs on  
college notables.  
Swift runners in the relay race contest for favorite  
sororities.  
Thruout it all the clowns tumble and play their  
tricks,  
Firing guns to attract the attention of the crowd.  
And without ceasing, the lively jazz music of the  
band  
Beats on— on— blaring upon the quivering  
night air.  
Trapeze and bar experts perform wonderful feats of  
strength and agility  
In the spot light, above a long straight line of men  
in white,  
Rises a great human pyramid, immovable, stu-  
pendous.  
At the end comes the grand climax,—always impres-  
sive, startling:—  
A diver, blindfolded, plunging into a tank of burning  
oil;

A realistic sham battle or Indian fight staged by the  
military:

Fireworks of extraordinary brilliancy and beauty.

Happily, the crowd filters away into the darkness  
And on the field lies a litter of broken animals,  
Steamboats, torn pieces of colored cloth, and rough  
and ready scenery,

—The scattered debris of a great circus at Inter-  
scholastic.



## TALBOT PORTRAIT

“The Portrait Of A Man!” No broadened brim  
That shades the austere face of some pilgrim  
Or circling ruff with dashing feathers’ droop

On doublet and cloak that portray  
The cavalier carelessly gay.

Such art is zealously treasured from the past  
We, too, guard a valued portrait that will last  
A man who’s calmly seated in his chair

Of noble, commanding brow,—  
One of those the wise fates endow.

The master-builder of dominant, virile strength  
Yet genial, willing to go to any length  
To help a friend. In life’s long stress of fibre  
He has bravely stood the test.  
Great Talbot,—Illini’s best!

## THE GREGORY BOULDER

Half hidden by the bushes,  
A massive boulder lies  
Near the John Street entrance to the campus.  
Hurrying crowds, unseeing, pass by it every day.  
Thousands enter college  
And at the end of four years leave,  
Not knowing that the huge granite stone  
Marks the last resting place  
Of the University's first able leader  
Revered by the old graduates.

"If you seek his monument  
Look about you"—the epitaph.  
Could John Milton Gregory himself but stand here  
and look about him  
What amazement would fill his soul!  
Only old Uni Hall remains intact.  
Far, far beyond the reach of human sight  
Stretches a great sea of new buildings and grounds,  
Stupendous! Inspiring!

## ILLINOIS FIELD

On Illinois Field the first great building stood  
And all the college life was centred there  
Until in years old Uni Hall was built  
And to the south flowed fast the tide of life.  
A college dormitory it became  
Till soon swift progress swept it from its path  
And all the field was cleared for college sports.  
The battle-ground of Uni base-ball strifes,  
Jake Stahl and Lundy gave to it great fame—  
Here the game of foot-ball got its start;  
And Stagg himself played in that first great fight  
Against the struggling, striving Illini team.  
Purdue, the ancient enemy, was downed  
And many were the victories,—defeats.  
Red Grange began here on his famous runs  
And Huff and Zuppke turned out fine athletes.  
Each spring the Interscholastic contests came  
With circus at night for boisterous, wild fun.  
The May-pole dance a touch of beauty gave  
When the field became a fairy-land  
Inhabited by elves and lovely nymphs  
Lightly dancing on the fresh green turf.

Again the current turned both south and west,  
Out to the great new stadium it swept,  
And carried sports and Interscholastic,  
But left behind baseball, the first great game,  
And for practice work the old field still was kept.  
The glamor of its glorious past for old grads  
Must ever cling,—the scene of all their sports—  
The old battleground,—historic Illinois Field.

## RED GRANGE

Greatest half-back in the world is Grange,  
Play boy of the middle west,  
To him came high adventure, romantic, strange,  
Tho flamboyant fame was not his quest.

Modest youth,—slim, with auburn hair,  
Students, unheeding, passed him by.  
In training under Zuppke's watchful care,  
Industrious, quiet, earnest and shy.

Marvelous runs on the foot-ball field soon brought  
Varsity recognition and praise;  
A hero-worship and adulation unsought  
From flappers for whom Red was the craze.

Stadium crowds uprose with ringing cheers  
When seventy-seven with the ball  
Sped for the goal and dissipated fears  
That come, however successful, to all.

Like a mighty tide then spread the fame  
Of his spectacular career  
And from the papers came delighted acclaim  
Whenever Grange on the grid would appear.

On our fields the seeds of his success were sown,  
National now and spread afar,—  
And Illinois is proud to proclaim her own  
Red Grange, the noted foot-ball star.

## A TRADITION

Just within the wide entrance of Lincoln Hall  
    With white marble severe and cold,  
In the path where all foot-steps would naturally fall,  
    Lies the Gettysburg speech in bright gold.

Lowly place for those glowing, fine words of renown  
    By the world ever justly revered;  
But their dynamic power could not be tread down,  
    As some people so greatly had feared.

By consent, all the students have "hallowed this  
    ground"  
    And no matter how hurried or tired  
Thru the years, with due reverence, they've passed  
    around  
—A tradition respected,—admired.

## THE SNYDER BUST

The hurrying girls pass by it every day,  
The bust that ornaments the lower hall,  
A noble head thrown back in strength and pride.  
The gallant air still holds in medium cold  
That characterized the man in glowing life  
When he for freedom fought in Italy  
And exiled from his native Polish land,  
Made offer of his sword in our great strife.  
The many years that followed till the end  
He gave to Illinois; inspired and taught  
His classes and counselled all who sought his help.  
The Snyder Fund he left and still can aid  
The struggling student to attain his goal.  
His special sympathy was for the girls.  
Alethenai first recognized his worth  
By placing his sculptured head by Taft in their hall.  
And now the Woman's Building holds the bust  
Where all the girls in the course of their college life  
May see and revere their ever loyal friend.



## BURNING OF THE FRESHMEN CAPS

In snake dance now the freshmen go  
Bending sinuously to and fro.

Rattle! Boom!

Beat the drums. "Hi there! Make room!"

"Oh say! We're going to be rid  
Of the little old green lid."

Hoop! Hey!

Back and forth they push and sway.

Soon the crowd rushes without tire  
Out where roars the big bon-fire

Snap! Blaze!

But a greater noise the boys can raise.

See the buttons,—White and yellow and blue  
Green and purple and red-brown, too.

Smart! Bright!

"Pep up! We can't stay here all night."

Into the flames they're flinging them fast.  
The frosh are rid of their spots at last.  
    Hoop! hoo-ray!  
The little green caps have had their day.

## TRIOLET — Gold Feathers

Bright gold feathers that adorn  
    The sophomore girls' attire.  
By the chosen they are borne,  
Bright gold feathers that adorn.  
With great pride they are worn  
    Where the world can admire.  
Bright gold feathers that adorn  
    The sophomore girls' attire.

---

## TRIOLET — Orange and Blue Feathers

Dainty orange and blue,  
    The feathers they wear,—  
Leading girls who are new;  
Dainty orange and blue.  
Greatest honor their due.  
    For the care they will bear;—  
Dainty orange and blue  
    The feathers they wear.

## THE SUN-DIAL

The sun-dial stands amidst its shrubs and grass  
And marks the time of day for all who pass.  
Nineteen-hundred-six, tho long since gone,  
Still lingers here for each succeeding class.

“Make the passing shadow serve thy will,”  
Students have read, and tarried here until  
A favorite place for kodaks it became.  
Now sun-dial pictures many albums fill.

“Amidst ye flowers I tell ye howres,” you see.  
“Take tent o’ time ere time be tent.” Ah, me!  
Such sage advice the young since Omar’s time  
Have read,—and hastened on in liberty.

## THE FOUNTAIN

In attitude benign the elm holds out  
Absolving arms above the great grey stone  
That murmurs always in a monotone.

Not as water gushed from the rock when struck  
By the Prophet Moses. Here a steady flow  
To quench the thirst,—unceasing, clear and slow.

Nineteen-hundred-two, perchance you thought  
Of that young immortal poet whose name  
Was writ in water, but undying his fame.

And so you chose your class memorial  
Whose liquid tones forever will allude  
To you who serving win our gratitude.

## ZUPPKE — TWO SKETCHES

## THE ARTIST

Impressionist who wields a clever brush!  
When comes the winter's hush  
With ardor that ne'er faints  
He mixes his glowing paints  
And on the canvas, woods and stream and field  
In a riot of tumultuous color yield.

## THE COACH

Zup the coach  
Without reproach,  
Each move seen  
With eyes so keen.  
Fighting hard,  
Forever on guard,  
He moves his team with all his soul  
On,— on,— toward the desired goal.

## ILLINOIS UNION

The heart of campus activities for men.  
    Thousands wear the Indian head,  
    Both leaders and the many led,  
And proud are they to proclaim by that token  
    Illinois Union.

So wide its field the departments now are five  
    That try to serve and are in charge  
    Of functions, various and large.  
The organizations which together thrive;—  
    Illinois Union.

A busy hive is old Illini Hall  
    With offices and book-exchange  
    And lounge where no one can feel strange.  
Director of Homecoming every fall,  
    Illinois Union.

Today, its members spread thruout the land  
    To Union ideals do these inscribe  
    And together form a mighty tribe.  
Forever may it flourish and expand,  
    Illinois Union.

## THE WOMAN'S LEAGUE

The Woman's League gathers all into its fold  
Without regard to creed or opinion they hold.

All-University parties for women it gives  
And strives that a friendly spirit always lives.

Every Wednesday, from three to five, at tea  
The girls can gather for sociability.

In the parlors of the Woman's Building they meet  
To laugh and talk and different friends to greet.

The League has sponsored and worked for Mother's  
Day,  
To make it a custom both impressive and gay.

Full half-a-dozen times in the college year  
It gathers Inter-Illinae groups for good cheer.

At Homecoming, too, it holds out a helping hand  
To entertain the guests from every land.

Free from politics and petty intrigue  
A fine, united group is the Woman's League.



## THE CHANGING FORESTRY

"Forestry? Forest you mean, I know," So the wise stranger says always.

We alone thus call a grove of trees—name that, unique, survives today.

Trees of all kinds that the prairie's black soil can grow, planted here, took root,

Flourished, and stately and tall became. Birds built their nests in the spreading limbs,

Squirrels and rabbits and small wild things soon made their homes in the protecting shade.

Lovers came to stroll down the winding paths strewn with dry leaves and soft pine-needles.

Bird classes roamed thru its aisles each spring. Violets first shyly crept out here.

Children, also, shouted and ran about; slipped thru holes in the hedges to play,—

Swing on the wild grape-vines and wigwams build,—happy and free in the wood beloved.

Years passed by. All around houses were built.  
Hedges gone, menacing fences now stood  
Guard o'er the Forestry, locked against all but the  
few who bore treasured keys.  
Progress soon swept all these barriers away. Open  
lay once more the grove of trees.  
Paths were tread south and west leading from campus  
to faculty homes beyond.  
Facing on Lincoln the hospital now stands in the  
midst of its sheltering trees,  
Serving the students in sickness and trouble. The  
gift of their friend so true,  
Senator McKinley. Changed is the Forestry and  
what the years may bring  
We know not . Always a part of the campus life  
it must remain. Of this  
We rest assured, and tho sacrificed some of the fine  
trees, those spared will  
Keep alive the ancient name and ever will this  
wooded strip be called, as now, the Forestry.

## UNIVERSITY BAND

How our hearts swell with glowing great pride  
when we see

Uni band on the march in its yellow and blue.

First comes twirling his mace round with great  
dignity

The imposing drum major who makes much ado;

Then the boys who are playing our "Loyalty"

And the great title drum always goes along, too.

The block I and Illini they form on the field.

Strains of "Hail to the Orange" rise gently and swell

On the air as the leader his baton doth wield

With soft waves, as a wizard of old wove his spell,

And standing uncovered, the crowd can but yield

To the melody sweet that we all know so well.

When the band takes its trip every hall is packed  
tight,  
And the home concert draws all to hear and to see.  
With fine instruments glowing,—in uniforms  
bright,—  
The performers blend harmony in every key.  
Grouped en masse on the stage they're a glorious  
sight,  
So their many warm friends must surely agree.

On the campus, at twilight there's music in spring.  
As the people stroll quiet or sit on the ground  
And the children oft dance with a wild, merry fling,  
A more pastoral scene nowhere can be found.  
At commencement the finish; Loud praises e'er ring  
For the great college band, justly loved and  
renowned.

## THE Y'S

Great in their influence are the Y's.

Both dwelling on the street called Wright,  
Then surely all must realize  
They're ready for the hard, good fight.

They place all those who have the need  
To work and strive to make their way,  
No difference what the race or creed,  
And service render without pay.

Tho Christian endeavor is their aim  
And uplift is the constant goal  
The social life, too, has its claim  
As being healthful for the soul.

So here's to both the valiant Y's,  
And long may they live on the street called  
Wright  
For close and precious are their ties  
And many seek their kindly light.

## MORTAR BOARD

We watch for the gowns of Mortar Board in spring,  
As they appear but a single day,  
And delightful is the thrill they always bring  
On that eventful day in May.

Their names we've read emblazoned on the shield  
The senior bench so proudly bears  
In letters of gold upon a sable field,—  
Prominent women in college affairs.

Activities, distinguished scholarship;  
Above all personality,—  
Those who resolved will never lose their grip  
No matter what the pull may be.

These the high requirements Mortar Board  
Demands and holds to be most dear,  
And precious, indeed, to those will be the reward  
Who serve her that last critical year.

## MA-WAN-DA

Near the fountain stands a great tree.  
On its trunk an arrow-head,  
Placed each spring where all may see,  
Holds the list of those who led.

Nervous juniors consult the screed  
Anxious as to their future fate.  
Stop Interscholastic crowds to read  
Blazoned names of the campus great.

Captains of the major teams,  
Also, Illinois brigade;  
Heads of Union and Y it seems  
Greatest honor, too, have made.

Illini editors are found;  
Names of others,—only a few  
Whose attainments are deemed sound.  
Recent Illio figures, too.

Braves are they now, eager, strong,  
Ready to lead when comes the call  
Campus struggles hard and long,—  
Those Ma-Wan-Da has chosen from all.

## OPEN HOUSE

Open House we've known for twenty years  
And more. The engineers first opened up  
Their wonders of whirling wheels and belts and  
gears  
And blazing electric lights and in spite of fears  
The public entered to wonder and admire.

Then physics offered its mysteries to all;  
The glorious beauty of its Geysler tubes,  
The delicate instruments that rise and fall  
At slightest pressure; and sounds that oft appal  
The ignorant, yet hold a fascination.

Chem Open House is not so fair to see  
With test-tubes, carboys and desks so grimly  
marred.  
But in a cave they practice alchemy  
In secret, and wonder grows how it can be  
This marvelous science was saved for us today.



The Ags and Household open up their doors  
And offer hospitality to all  
So thru their corridors a great crowd pours,  
Investigates and eagerly explores;  
Sees and hears and even tastes delights.

A settled custom this has long become  
To let the students and the public know  
The work that each department does and some  
Of the wonders wrought. With all, some tricks and  
fun,  
And what more popular than Open House!

## SACHEM CALLS

One spring night of the college year  
Sachem's warriors proud appear.  
After Varsity's band is gone  
Still all linger on the lawn  
Watching braves in blankets bright  
Merge from shadow into light,  
Forming into one long line  
As the chief makes mystic sign.

Loud and clear is called each name  
Lucky sophomore picked for fame!  
Proudly he rises to grasp the hand  
Held out by each of that war-like band.  
Quickly he mounts, as those before,  
Reaches the Auditorium door;  
Passes he then out of sight  
Eager for the secret rite.

## TORCH

Bearers of the torch,  
Honorable and high,  
Juniors, chosen vestals,  
Never let the flame die.

Yellow scarfs betoken  
Firmest friendship's tie;  
At the ends are graven  
Torch and U. of I.

Gathering oft together,—  
Fireside talks and fun,—  
Dear will be the memory  
In the years to come.

## EXPERIMENT STRIPS

Near the dome where men search the wide heavens  
above

Lie the Morrow experiment strips where they study  
the earth

Beneath us. Closely watched for the forty-three  
years since their birth

By the seekers of truth about the soil that they love.

Next the oldest in the world are these strips that  
record

The results of exacting research on rotation of crops,  
The alarming, increasing degree that fertility drops  
And the richness intensive, wise care will reward.

The old country, at Rothempstead, holds the first  
place

Where the study of crops was attempted and  
knowledge attained,

But from Cyril G. Hopkins at Illinois there was  
gained

Redemption of the soil for the human race.

Just black earth we could tread underfoot with a  
glance  
As we pass? We are thrilled when we read of our  
forefather's fight,  
But the second great conquest of the land was made  
on this site;  
In these strips you will find a true record of romance.

## AT THE MUM SHOW

Bewildering flower!

    In your gorgeous tatters,  
    A splendid mendicant,  
Boldly begging admiration for your beauty.

Amazing blossom!

    Sinking sometimes to a tiny  
    Button of delicate tint;  
Often swelling into a great balloon of color  
Held to earth by its long green stem.  
    Sumptuous! Regal!

Under the long stretches of protecting glass  
The evanescent life of vivid tones and varying shades  
Merges, as some great crashing chord,  
Into an ensemble of magnificent harmony.

## SONNET TO M. L.

A gracious presence in the college life,  
An atmosphere serene and softly bright,  
Eyes of deep brown that hold a higher light;  
A power to quiet every petty strife.  
Hers the rule of love and sympathy.  
Big sister all the girls must trust, admire.  
The friend who helps their interests without tire,  
Both leads and guides with rare ability.

She's consecrated to her chosen task  
As truly as nun who takes her sacred vows  
Before the altar. Sincerity endows  
Her with a radiant spirit granted few  
A charm the daily routine cannot mask .  
The Dean of Women, ideally fine and true.

## MILITARY DAY

Military Day in the last full week of May  
Brings out on the drill-field all the great brigade.  
Both the regiments of infantry appear;  
Batteries of artillery, troops of cavalry  
Follow, and line up proudly for the grand parade.

Companies abreast, they stand; imposing sight!  
On their right flank is the military band.  
Officers are facing them across the field  
Sent by the government to decide our military rank  
Among distinguished colleges of the land.

Gayly playing a grand march, the band leads down  
the field  
Men swing into columns; four abreast they go.  
In two long lines each of the companies passes before  
Its judges in review. The cavalry now displays  
Great skill. And the artillery moves along the row.



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Passing down the ranks of companies at attention,  
Judges look at equipment and men with closest care.  
Many hours were spent before by anxious cadets  
Polishing bayonets and rifles, puttees, belts,—  
Knowing this severe inspection they must bear.

Presentation of the Hazleton medal follows.  
Best of the freshman units wins it; given for  
Over thirty years. The Uni medal of gold  
Comes next and bronze. Then back to the huge  
old armory  
March the men and disband to rush forth free once  
more.

## ILLINI CORNER. (An Impression)

From the vast brick expanse of old Uni Hall  
Scarcely a gleam shines forth after the sudden lull  
Of five o'clock. But bright always are the basement  
windows  
At Illini corner where toil underground  
The gnomes of the college press.  
On their numerous little black machines  
How feverishly they pound the keys,—  
Click — clack! Click — clack!!  
Then spring up and rush madly to and fro.  
Drawn and anxious are their faces  
As they endeavor to dig up gems of thought  
To please the uncertain public,  
On whose door-steps must be placed their offering  
Early the following morning.

## THE EYRIE

High up in big Administration Hall  
Abide headquarters of *The Alumni News*  
And busy presiding genius over all,  
(Who can no earnest, true old grad refuse)  
    Carl holds his genial sway.

Attractive nest from which to wing new's flight  
Across the land and sea and carry joy  
To graduates afar. A place of light  
Where with humor and patience naught can annoy  
    Carl holds his genial sway.

Below, a stretch of the broad and shaded walk  
A calm glance at the classes hurrying to and fro;  
His future prey he has no need to stalk.  
Time will deliver them to him, tho slow.  
    Carl holds his genial sway.

## THE OLD LIBRARY

Treasure house where hoarded wisdom is stored  
All sorted and labeled on shelves, row on row;  
And students who're eager for knowledge and some  
who're bored

Hasten quickly to partake or with motions slow  
Just glance at the books assigned,—all sitting around  
The tables with which the reading rooms abound.

Behind the loan desk's curved, confining length,  
Where busy librarians according to rule  
Deal out from the stacks, a tablet of great strength  
Is seen to the founder of the Library School  
Katharine Sharp, and President James' fine face  
In profile, high above the central space.

The mural decorations still bright today  
Are scenes from college life by Newton Wells  
Whose dust lies now in Egypt far away.  
Overhead we hear the chimes' deep bells,  
And see beyond the drawers of reference cards  
The Lincoln yolk, a framed glass case safe-guards.

A pleasant place for students to gather and read  
In scholastic atmosphere forever serene,  
Tho many a whispered date is made, indeed,  
Behind the cover of book or magazine.  
To the great new library soon we shall depart  
But memories of the old dwell in many a heart.

## PRESIDENT KINLEY

Responsibility is his to guide  
The training ship thru many dangers rife  
In the whirling currents of the resistless tide  
That pours out toward the unknown sea of life.  
And wise must be his choice of those who aid  
In carrying on the task of teaching youth  
The wisdom that experience has made  
Their own while yet they ever seek fresh truth.

A chieftan whose piercing eyes sweep o'er the heights  
To which he must attain and lead his band.  
And keenly he watches for the signal lights  
With which progress onward beckons those in  
command.  
In single phrase his character to sum,—  
"Difficulties were made to be overcome."

## ILLINIUM — ELEMENT 61

Illinium, the first element to be  
Discovered in America!  
That it existed, the wise would all agree  
But vainly sought to capture it,—  
Most elusive of elements,—sixty-one.  
In our fine rare earths laboratory  
At Illinois the long, hard battle was won  
And recorded by the faithful X-ray.

For full six years it was the department joke  
Whenever they thought the end in sight  
Some delicate piece of apparatus broke  
But still the persistent search went on,  
A "trouble book" was kept that showed the pace  
At which they climbed the upward path,  
The times the crystal slipped from out its place,  
The tube broke when success was near.

Faint lines upon a photographic plate,  
A tiny vial of pinkish yellow  
Are closely guarded, for these proofs relate  
The story to the outer world.  
To Professor Hopkins great the honor due  
And to his able associates  
Yntema and Harris. The name rings true,  
—The metal of the Illini.



## FAREWELL

To Illinois we do not say *adieu*,  
Tho the Good God with her forever be!  
We hope to meet again both happy and free,  
But *auf wiedersehen* does not meet our view.  
We love our fine old English word farewell  
With its hearty wish to prosper and succeed,  
Its blessing on the future word and deed,  
—Its ringing sound like some intoning bell.

The end has come and we into the world  
Pass out,—bearing treasures rich and rare,  
Cherishing memories surpassing fair.  
Prosperity and greatness all foretell  
Dear Alma Mater. Beneath her flag unfurled  
We the Illini say,—“Fare-the-well.”













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ILLINOIS VERSE CHAMPAIGN



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